

solitary. "Yes, that's the woman's fate. The dull and gloomy. Where rank on rank she sits to-day, And speech and laughter never intrude. Night after night, beside the fire, When evening's lamp is dimmed, Oppressed by the dark and dreary, Among the cards her fingers flit.

"Pastoral Poetry." "A minister may love his wife, From every art protect her, But love her he may miss, At least in his own eyes."

THE CHOICE OF THREE. A NOVEL.

"Oh, no, don't pity me. Everybody has his troubles; this is mine." "You ought to have been unfortunate, and now your sight has gone, but perhaps Crichfield or Coper will be able to do something for that."

her arm, which was half-outstretched, and touched her lips with her finger as though to enjoin silence. Then a deep misery spread over her face. Her head sank low, and she passed these with rapid steps. Presently the nurse with the baby followed her, and Dorothy noticed again that she had passed the Plymouth long, Mr. Jasper's, she asked.

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near the conclusion of the meal, a messenger arrived to summon Mr. Plowden to breakfast. He got up at once, for he was punctilious in the performance of his duties, and, making excuses to his guest, departed on his errand, thus leaving Eva to carry on the conversation.

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it right that you should know the truth. I was going to tell you first that for what you have done I freely forgive you. "O Ernest!" "It is," he went on, not heeding her, "a question that you can settle with your conscience and your God. But I wish to tell you what it is that you have done. You have wrecked my life, and made it an unhappy thing; you have taken from me which I can never have to give again; and you have driven me to a point where I should not otherwise have dreamed. I loved you, and you gave me proofs which I could not doubt that I had your love. In the hour of trial came you deserted and morally destroyed me, and the great and holy affection that should have been the blessing of my life has become its curse."

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THE LADIES COLUMN.

Sad Fate of Old World Professional Beauties. LATEST FASHION AND OTHER GOSSIP. How to Make Garments "Cling".

According to a society writer, since Miss Lantake, the actress, made her first appearance in this country in her soft, clinging garments, swaying in harmony with every step of the wearer, society has been on the way to discover the secret and gain, if possible, a taste at least of the swish and rhythmic movement which seemed to make the garment worn by Lantake instinct with life and motion.

White gloves are becoming popular for evening wear. Tan are now worn in the twenty-button lengths only with the darker shades of evening dresses. Palest pink, peach, lilac and mauve are the most popular and despite the frequent announcement of elbow gloves, well-dressed women continue to wear them up to the shoulder. To hold them in place upon slim arms a little elastic is caught to the inside edge of the glove with a few invisible stitches.

Japan ladies gild their teeth. The ladies of the Indies paint their teeth red. Ladies in Greenland used to color their faces blue and yellow. The ladies of Guzerat stain their teeth a sable color which they think adds to their beauty.

The two best female violinists in the States are Miss Duff and Miss Krumpholtz. Eva turned the full battery of her beautiful eyes upon him. She saw that the young gentleman was struck, and determined to make use of him. Women are unscrupulous when they have an end in view.

Mormon wife (to husband)—Are you going out? Mormon husband—Yes; I am going out with Miss Brigham. She is to give me her answer to-night.

This is pretty in brown or blue serge and Stude color or white vest and braid, the color of the vest around the jacket and on the front pleats of the skirt. Black silk hats are worn with these.

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The Boston Globe thinks the non-intercourse Bill will be a good thing for Canada when the immigration boom commences in April. The London World says that Lady Rosebery's diamonds caused quite a sensation when she visited the North Mounted Police, which were present many distinguished visitors.

Chicago detective has arrived here to seek the extradition of Trimmaco, the Italian murderer. Snowbirds in the mountains have temporarily interfered with the moving of trains in that section. Coal is selling at \$20 a ton at Macleod, though it is only twenty-five miles from the Galt mines. A snow blockade is the result.

Florida fruit men say that the strawberry crop this year will nearly double that of last year. Farmers who raise turkeys in Lehigh County, Pa., drive them to market as they would sheep. The Square is a candidate that the money is his, but he has no recollection of having placed it in the pocket.

DEATH ON A RAIL.

Mrs. Benedict's business is that of a rat catcher, a new profession now fairly open to women, and one which Mrs. Benedict, at least, has made famous. She is the New York Star. The business of rat extermination is not strictly new, and yet Mrs. Benedict is fairly entitled to rank as its inventor, at least in an important sense. She has raised it to the dignity of a profession. It has always been easy for housewives who were troubled with rats to poison them, but the problem has been to induce them to do so outside their haunts. They have usually preferred to retire to their inaccessible retreats in the walls as soon as they have felt the symptoms of arsenical poisoning, and the lone state of fatalities is such that vailing in their communities is such that poisoned rats are never properly buried or incinerated by their associates.

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Fortune's Favorites.

Are those who court fortune—those who are always looking out for and investigating the stars and planets—are they not the same as those who are always looking out for and investigating the stars and planets?—N.Y. World.

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CONSUMPTION. Branch Office, 57 Yonge St. Toronto. THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND.